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From the National Era.

THE CHILD'S PLAYHOUSE.

BY ANN PRESTON.

Who has not been a child, and made
A playhouse 'neath the trees?
And who so old but groweth young
When passing one of these?

I saw one in a cool green nook,
Anear a cottage wall,
Built cunningly, with many rooms,
And stored with playthings small.

Prompt little hands had laid stone walls,
And swept the mossy floors.
And sticks across the openings laid,
Were gravely called "the doors."

On shadowy shelves, which oft would fall,
Were treasures rare, I ween—
The broken "china's" glistened there,
In blue, and red, and green.

The golden light of childhood's morn,
While gazing, round me stole,
And fragrance, from its far, sweet shores,
Passed, breeze-like, o'er my soul.

Once more I trod the green, mossed bank,
Where, 'neath a school-house tree,
From tiny acorn cups we drank,
And called it "taking tea."

We held our "meeting" o'er again,
And I was preacher there,
And with mock gravity we wore
Our serious, Quaker air.

But thou who put on matron airs,
And played the mother then,
The fairest one of all our school,
Now walketh not with men.

Thou, too, whose dark eyes proudly beamed,
The statliest of that band,
Mid summer toils has gone away
Unto "the silent land."

Those mosses still their little cheeks
'Gainst sister mosses lay,
While of the three who leaned on them,
But I, the weakest, stay.

Oh! earth would be one funeral pyre,
And life a dream of pain,
If Beauty did not live for aye,
And God and Love remain.

"CHANGE MAKES CHANGE."

BY MRS. J. C. NEAL.

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Margery Daw, "if your talents lead you to the weeping method of softening your husband's heart, give him a shower now and then."—*Charcoal Sketches.*

"You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of ardent, active temper, who loves labor and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labor and invention, he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position, but by no means his love, as you imagine, has changed."—*Mosier.*

"How stupidly Dickens writes now-a-days, or else I have grown stupid myself," said Charlie Wood—his friends always called him "Charlie"—throwing down the second number of Copperfield, with a yawn. "I think I must go and see how the boys come on this evening. I don't believe I've been near 'the room' since we've boarded here."

"And leave me all alone!" pouted his lovely bride, or wife, rather, for they had been married full three months. "Why, Charlie—"

"Well, *Lucy!*"

"I didn't think you would have been tired of your little wife so soon. But it's what I might have expected." And by this time her voice lost itself in sobs.

"There, there, now," said her kind-hearted husband, kissing her as he spoke. "Don't get into such a fret, pretty one. But you know I have not passed an evening away from you since we returned from Saratoga; and the boys think I have cut them. I must go to-night. I met Ned Ludlow at the Post Office, and he tells me they are going to have a rehearsal of some of the Ernani music, and wanted my flute. One must make sacrifices for one's friends sometimes—so I must 'tear myself away' from you for an hour or two."

"Well, go, then. I know it's only an excuse. I've seen for some days you were growing tired of me. You went to sleep last night in the rocking chair, and I sitting right by you."

"Yes, and what were you doing?"

"Why, working a dear, beautiful crotchet bag for cousin Ellen's bridal present."

"I hate crotchet. You never can speak a word when you're counting those confounded beads."

"You didn't think so once, when I did that elegant mazarine blue and silver purse for you, when we were first engaged."

"Now, *Lucy*, please don't cry, darling. But I must go to-night. So good-bye; I'll be back as—"

"Not before midnight, I'm certain," broke in the lady; and as the door closed with a sound much resembling what cross children call a 'slam,' she threw herself upon the sofa and sobbed as if her husband had deserted her forever, instead of one evening.

Sob! sob! sob! Oh how unhappy she was! How she wished she had never been married—that she had never left "papa's!" Sob! sob!—How very dreadful to have one's husband tired of your society. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and Lucy Wood began to believe, as she uttered this heart-rending exclamation, that she belonged to that numerous and formidable class of society, "*injured women.*"

Her hysterical outbreak had drowned all external noises, and it was only after a repeated double knock, that she became conscious that some one was at the door.

It was Mrs. Tyson, who had a room on the next floor of the same hotel—a nice motherly looking lady of fifty or thereabouts, who had become much interested in her young fellow boarders.

"I saw Mr. Wood go out, my dear," said she without seeming to notice the swollen eyes of her hostess, (weeping is *not* becoming to most faces, though we have seen one or two in our lives who could bear this severe test.) "So I thought," continued Mrs. Tyson, "I would just come in and sit awhile; and I don't like to intrude when Mr. Wood is in—I know young people consider their best friends *de trop*, sometimes."

"I'm sure you're very good;" but you need never be afraid of that,"—and here the sense of her wrongs rushed back afresh, and found vent in a flood of tears. Then followed the most natural thing in the world. The whole of scene first was recounted to her sympathising listener, with a codicil accompaniment, that "she was sure Charlie was tired of her, and wished he had not married," and much more to the same effect.

"It will not seem very kind in me, after your generous confidence, dear Mrs. Wood, to tell you that such thoughts ought not to be told, even to me. Just think what a risk you ran! If I had not been a prudent elderly person, who has lived long enough to see the folly and unkindness of gossip and tattling, think what a story I might have made from it! A mutual friend of ours, for instance, would have reported everywhere to-morrow, that 'the Woods lived very unhappily; and, between us, I guess they are both sick of their bargain. In fact, Mrs. Wood told me as much herself! No, you must lay it down as a first principle of married life, never to confide even to your dearest friend any little disagreement or misapprehension that may arise between yourself and husband. Sympathy in these cases, does more harm than good; and after all, it is on your own judgment that you must principally rely; for no one but yourself can understand all the circumstances. You are not offended?"

"Oh, no," said Lucy, already calmed by this plain statement of an obvious truth. "I would not have any body think we lived unhappily for the world! Why, Charlie has always been devotion itself. He has never spoken a cross word to me. Only how does it happen—since I have told you, Mrs. Tyson—how does it happen he seems so indifferent lately, and can even leave me a whole evening. It was not so before our marriage."

"I wonder if he has remarked no difference in your—"

"In me! oh, no. Why I would not *flirt* for the world."

"That's not the only sin of married life, my dear," said Mrs Tyson, smiling a little at the naive remark. "Perhaps it is set down as such because society is outraged by it. But indifference is a worse enemy than open disagreement, because its attacks are so subtle and intangible. I do not wonder you were alarmed if you thought you perceived any signs of its approach. But about your conduct. I wonder if you take the same pains to render yourself agreeable as you once did? How did you amuse him in the days of your engagement."

"Why, Charlie came to the house every evening almost—and if there was no party or concert, or anything, I dressed as neatly as possible, he always liked to see me well dressed, and he was so particular. Then I sang for him—I used to sing a great deal, though, as I've hardly opened my piano since it came home, I don't know that you have ever heard me."

"Did you crotchet that pretty purse in the evenings?"

"Oh no, that was a surprise—so I did it all in the day time; and besides, we could not talk much if I did such work."

"Well, and now you do not make a pretty evening toilette."

Lucy glanced to the opposite mirror and saw there was some truth in the remark. Not expecting visitors, she had thrown on her dressing gown, and tucked her hair back behind her ears, "to be comfortable" as she called it, and though not exactly untidy, she could but confess she would not have liked Charles to have surprised her in such a costume a few months back.

"Oh, but we are married now, it does not make so much difference, you know."

"A bad argument, my dear, unless you can prove that your husband's tastes have changed, and that he prefers to see you look untidy. Then you crotchet in the evening, now, when you have ample time while he is at business all day.—Moreover, by your own confession, you rarely sing or play for him. Was his taste for music one of those numerous affectations of courtship?"

"Oh, no, no, I assure you. He has gone now to a musical club, he asked me only yesterday why I did not play more. But it is such a trouble to keep up your practice. Married ladies are not expected to play."

"My dear child! So this beautiful and ennobling art is to be degraded to an accessory to flirtation, merely! Think of the wasted hours you have passed at the piano, if this is all. You remember Mrs. Carlton, so celebrated as a vocalist in society, some years since, she married Mr. Harrison. Well I assure you, she told me, only last week, that the happiest hour of her day was directly after tea, when she plays for her father and her husband, who are both passionately fond of music. Her little girl is allowed as a reward to sit up that hour and listen to 'Mama's pretty songs.' Oh, I fear you are wrong. Why I was lately reading the memoir of a wife of a London clergyman, Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, who records as one of his purest enjoyments her exquisite musical taste and ability. *She* found time to practice in the midst of engagements and labors that would shame any of us. Now forgive me if I scold you a little. Don't think the indifference is displayed only on one side. Just see for yourself if Mr. Wood has no cause of complaint.—Some time I will bring you a clever letter by a German author; Mosier is his name. I must read it to you, for I am sure it will do you good. It is on this very point, and is witty as well as wise. But let us talk of something else now, for we must destroy every trace of tears and call back all those smiles before Mr. Wood returns, or I am afraid he will think me a dull substitute for his society."

It was well for Lucy Wood that Mrs. Tyson was a just and sensible woman. How merrily they chatted away, on so many interesting subjects, and when Charlie returned, as he did at a most reasonable hour—a little fearful of finding clouds and showers, we confess—he was agreeably surprised to see his wife more lively and cheerful than she had been for weeks. More like his lady-love Lucy, when she had first attracted him by her good tempered sprightliness, than the little lady he had left in sobs.

Mrs. Tyson had promised at leaving not to forget the letter of Mosier, which our readers cannot fail to be as much interested in, as Lucy was sure she should be.

THE APPLES OF SODOM.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY,

Ah! what is life thus spent? And what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it?—*Cowper.*

The heir of a noble house, grew up to manhood. His person was lofty, commanding and proud.—He had been nurtured in halls of learning, and all that wealth could lend to intellect was his. He dwelt in a stately mansion, and many waited for his smile.

In his ample library were gathered the wisdom of ancient sages, and the varied knowledge of modern times. Tomes, enriched by the skill of the engraver, and gay in silk and gold, strewed his tables. There he sometimes lingered until the lamps grew pale, and the fire in his burnished grate faded.

But as he sate in his deep chair of velvet, with his feet upon an embroidered ottoman, he sometimes dozed over the open page. For a wine cup was beside him there.

Once he read from a classic book of the apples of Sodom; but deep sleep came upon him, and falling he lay upon the rich carpet. His servants bore him to his couch; and when his neck sank into the deep down-pillow, he murmured something like "Apples of Sodom."

Afterwards when he slept long among the books, or his foot failed in the hall as one without strength, they said to each other, "Our master hath eaten the apples of Sodom." But beyond this they spake not, for they loved the heir of that honorable house, where they had so long been fed.

A fair young creature was seen in the lofty rooms of that princely abode. At her word the marble vases glowed with fresh flowers, and guests robed in rich apparel gathered round the costly board. At her word the steeds moved gracefully in the proud chariot: for she bore over that house the authority of a wife.

Yet there was something at her heart that gnawed like a secret worm. Of this she spake not. But the green leaves of hope withered and the garlands of joy faded.

She lay upon a silken couch. Perfumes breathed around her. The light of the silver lamp was shaded by the heavy folds of rich curtains; and the steps gliding around her, upon the thick and radiant carpet gave no sound. Then the wail of a weak infant was heard; and the soul of the young mother departed.

The master of the mansion wept; but with his tears were drops of wine. The holy fruits of sorrow he gathered not; for in his hand were the Apples of Sodom. Yet the little feet of the child made music in his heart; and he saw with pride that the rich curls around the pure forehead were like his own.

The boy grew in strength and in beauty. His heart reached out slight tendrils for something to love, and took hold of the good and the evil. Ere the eyes of the mind were fully open, the quick passions put forth broad, dark leaves, to drink up the sunbeams.

When he erred and deserved reproof, or when he did well, and needed encouragement, there was no father—save a bloated form in the wine trance. He became a youth and flattery spake to him soft things.

At his nod, servants went and came, and when his splendid equipage rolled along the pavement, the gazing crowd said that he was happy. But they knew not that for the undisciplined spirit there is no happiness.

Years rolled on; an
—whence issued wild
without cause, and the loud
—was the son of the drunka
restrained him, and the glory
locks was shorn.

He raved wildly; calling his servants to
aid, and uttering maledictions because they came
not. At intervals he was quiet, and wrote upon
the walls of his cell incoherent thoughts: and
amidst broken and blotted lines might be traced
out the "Apples of Sodom."

The father sate in his lonely halls. He scarcely mourned for his lost son. An equal madness was his, and a great sin—for it was voluntary.—The habit which now like a tyrant ruled him, had been his own choice. He had himself forged the chains that were drawing him to the lowest hell.

He sate in his lonely halls. Friends had forsaken him—for he had shown kindness to none. The white hairs of age were upon him; yet he had not become wise. Wealth was still his; but he enjoyed it not. Neither gave he to the poor—for a depraved appetite had eaten up his sympathies.

The weakness of age came upon him: he was a driveller and full of disease. His old servants were dead, and the new mocked him, and stole his substance. His dim eyes discovered not their thefts—but he trusted them not, and dwelt with them as among enemies.

None pitied him, or said "Poor man!"—for his vice had made him an abhorrence. Memory fled away; so that the names of his wife and child woke no image in his soul. Yet he forgot not the wine cup. There it stood, ever near him and he drowned in it the last light of life.

He died; and the bloated corpse scarcely retained the form of man. They bore him to his tomb with the pomp of mourning—with steeds slowly pacing, and nodding their sable plumes; for he was the heir of a noble house. Yet in that long procession none remembered aught that he had done for the comfort of the sorrowful, or to cause his name to be gratefully remembered among men.

They laid down the dead in the tomb of his fathers; and methought from their coffins issued a hollow voice—"Strength was thine, and manly-beauty—wealth and learning and love, and the joys of paternity—and all that the world covets. Yet hast thou come unto us with the burial of a beast, for whom none weepeth. Yea, thou didst choose to pare the Apples of Sodom, and feed on their ashes all the days of thy life; and hast found bitterness at the latter end.

From The Lady's Book for February.

WOMAN'S BEST ORNAMENT.

BY REV. E. P. ROGERS.

Let me urge upon my female readers, especially those who are in youth, the importance of taking loftier and better views of life than those taught by the vain world. It is a sad thing to see so many of the young and fair, whose life is almost a blank—I will not say a blot—whose keen susceptibilities, whose noble powers, whose deep affections, whose precious time is lavished only on dress and gayety, and fashionable visiting; who wear the bright apparel of the butterfly, and are as light and graceful, and as useless too; whose conversation finds no higher or more improving subject than the idle gossip of the day, the last party, or the never-failing topic—dress; whose reading is the miserable trash which is innundating every community, and enervating and dissipating the minds of our youth; whose whole life seems to be an aimless, frivilous life; and who as they flit by us on their airy wings, provoke the enquiry. "For what were these pretty creatures made?"—I pray you take loftier views of life than these. While I would not draw you from the rational pleasures of society, nor bring one gloomy cloud upon your youthful sky, I still would pl
for some serious hours, some industrious mo

…to the culture of mind; …mory with stores of useful …dge. …ld plead that the capacities …spirations … the immortal part receive some …istration, and that the moral faculties be cul…ted and stimulated, and the generous impulses …the soul be expanded in labors for the best …od of those around you. Be assured there is …o beauty like that of goodness—there is no pow…r like that of virtue; personal beauty may attract the admiration of the passing hour, but it is the richer beauty of moral worth, the loveliness of the soul, that commands the deepest reverence, and secures the most enduring affection. Even men who have no religion themselves, but who are men of judgment, and whose opinion is worth the most, respect and admire a lady most, who displays in her character the "beauty of holiness."

If there is one sight more than any other, in this world of sin and sorrow, which combines all the elements of beauty, of nobleness and of worth, it is that of a young and lovely female, whose youth and beauty, whose depth and richness of affection, and whose powerful influence on human hearts, are all consecrated to the cause of truth and holiness, laid as an humble offering at the Savior's feet! Such a being is, indeed, worthy of the reverence and admiration of every true and noble heart; and she will command it, even when the light of her beauty is quenched, and the flower of her loveliness is faded. But if there is a sad, heart-breaking sight on earth, it is that of one gifted with all the charms which nature lavished upon her daughters, prostituting them upon the altar of vanity or fashion, and starving the soul on the unmeaning flattery of a vain and hollow-hearted world; running a giddy round of gayety, frivolty and dissipation; laying up in the future a cheerless and forsaken old age, and a miserable remorseful eternity.

"Oh, what is woman? What her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light?
What is she, if those lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet:
The light spring flowers may meekly bow
Before her tread; and yet—and yet
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity!"

A Lady Lecturer.—Mrs. Sanford, the able editress of the "True Kindred," published at Akron, Ohio, is now delivering Temperance lectures in the southern villages of that State. She is said to have crowded houses, and her lectures are described as being powerful, searching and eloquent. Her pathetic appeals soften down the hardest hearts, and she has administered the pledge to scores of penitent inebriates.—*Buffalo Republic.*

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices yesterday, charged with the crime of being intoxicated. The justice interrogated him: "Well what did you get drunk and come here in this condition, for?" See here," was the reply, uttered in the hiccough and accent of a drunken man; "What do you give license for?"

N. Y. Tribune.

As Good as if it were Esop's.—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied:

"It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out; but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out.—"You sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I in liquor at the time.

SOCIAL HOSPITALITY.

The social customs of society have proved hitherto the greatest obstacle to the progress of Temperance principles, and consequently of domestic happiness and civil prosperity. The astounding developments of crime in our large cities are traceable immediately to intoxicating liquors.—Drunkards are not made by our public grog shops. Men do not form the appetite for alcoholic stimulants at their own expense. It is the friendly glass that begins the mischief. There are more men, we believe, made drunkards in New York in one year, by so called friends, than in ten by Rumsellers. The evil commences where it ought least to be expected.

Social hospitality must be purified. Let us only have friendship cleanse her altar, and we doubt not that any community would soon be in a happier and safer condition. There is a wide field of labor open here which ought to be occupied.—Its right occupation devolves upon the Ladies.—Will they not be the Good Samaritans who shall rise to succor the young men of our land? Something must be done. Every year is rendering us more convinced, that unless steps are soon taken by the women of our country to break up this horribly debasing practice of social entertainments we shall have a race of young men who will be so addicted to habits of intemperance that half our fair country-women can only expect if they do form an union under the bonds of Hymen, that it will be with students of stimulants, whose highest boon can only be that of graduating as *fashionable* drunkards. The young man who loves the glass, will assuredly not readily relinquish the custom after marriage, but the least disappointment will cause him to repeat his potions till he will lose everything which he ought to prize, and which should endear him to his kindred and friends.—*Good Samaritan Mess.*

Well Done Ladies.—The ladies of Williamsburgh, Indiana, have covered themselves with honor in rescuing their town from the rumsellers. The Whig tells us that a whiskey seller, some time ago established himself in the town of Williamsburgh, and began to deal out the ruin.—The otherwise orderly streets of that village soon began to show the usual indications that follow the establishment of a grog shop. The men tried with their moral suasion, to prevail on him to give up the business, but he utterly refused. After this failure, the ladies of the place took the matter in hand. They waited on him in a body, and told him he must leave. He consented on condition that they paid him for his stock of liquor on hand. This was agreed to. The ladies raised the money—paid for the liquor, poured it out in the street, and started the pest out of town.—*New York Organ.*

SWEEDISH LAW RESPECTING DRUNKENNESS.

In Sweden, where intoxication has been a great vice among the people, brutalizing and debasing them, rigid measures have been adopted to reform the evil practice. Whoever is seen drunk is fined for the first offence, $2; for the second, third and fourth offence a larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative.—He is, beside, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence for a fifth time, he is shut up in the house of correction and condemned to six months' hard labor; if he is again guilty, to twelve months' labor of the same description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance at a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An eclesiastic who falls into this offence, loses his benefice; if he is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted to be an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices or private soldiers.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

"There are hundreds of girls in every large city, who parade the streets in feathers, flowers, silks and laces, whose hands are as soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their idle daughters. These mothers will cook, sweep, wait on tables, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery, toil late and early, with very little clothing; while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking music and French, fixing fine ..y and the like. The evenings are devoted to dr ..ssing, displaying their charms to the best adva ..ntage for the wonderment and admiration o .. some knight of the yard, and young aspirants for professional honors—doctors without pa ..ients, lawyers without clients—who are as b ..rainless and soulless as themsel ..es. After a w .. ile the piano-pounding simpleto .. captivates a tape-measuring, law expounding o .. pill-making simpleton. The two ninnies sper .. every cent that can be raised by hook or by c ..rook—get all that can be got on credit in broad cloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage, attendance, &c., hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillow, and commence their empty life with n .. o other prospect than living at somebody's exp ..ense—with no other purpose than living gente ..elly and spiting their neighbors. This is a syn ..opsis of the lives of thousands of street and ball room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance.

Th ..ousands of women in cities dress elegantly on th .. e streets who have not a sufficiency of wholesom .. e food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to war .. m their rooms. I once boarded in a 'genteel bor .. rding house,' in Louisville. There were two yo .. ung ladies and a piano in the house—hall and p .. arlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young l .. dy—the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dol .. ars—a silk and blonde concern that could not last more than three months—silk and satin dresses at two, three and four dollars per yard, and five dollars apiece for making them, and the entire family, women, boys, and babies, nine in all, slept in one small room, wih two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw bolsters and three dirty quilts for bedding—no sheets, no slips, and there on the wall hung the pea-green and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses. These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordeon and cards: and nearly broke their hearts the week we were there, because another, who I presume lived just as they did, called on them with a great clumsy, gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Lablinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a fit of the sulks to console her for the want of a chain." [Mrs. Swisshelm.

Facts of the Rum Traffic.—On Christmas day, a friend of ours who was in Philadelphia, attended the Mayor's Court. Twenty persons were brought up for examination, one half of which were females, and an equal proportion of all the cases were white and black. Every case but one originated in the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, In this instance *rum* was the cause of nineteen-twentieths of the crimes charged against the parties. Truly rumselling is a very *respectable* and moral business, and one which does not lead to demoralization and crime.

[N. E. Diadem.

Death diminishes the value of some men's opinions, and enhances that of others.

For the Lily.

MUSIC.

If there is one influence above all others that can stir the deep foundations of the heart and fill it with adoration to God, it is music; sweet, thrilling music. It is the language of the soul, breathing into our hearts its pure inspirations, and filling them with love and sympathy for our fellow-beings.

There is a witchery in music which we cannot resist. It comes to us like gentle whisperings from the spirit world; elevating the feelings, improving the mind, and making us feel purer and better. It soothes the aching heart, oppressed with care and sadness, and lightens the weary hours of toil. It calms the excited passions, and smoothes the frowning brow. It cheers the warrior on the field of battle, inciting him to deeds of valor and renown. And oh! how oft it brings to mind the memory of other days—moving us even to tears, at the sound of some well remembered air. We seem translated as if by magic to our childhood's home. Again the low, sweet tones of a mother's voice, fall upon the ear, soothing our unquiet spirits by its witching power. But the spell is soon broken and we sigh to think 'twas but a dream.

Then again, as we listen to the deep, solemn notes of sacred music, our spirits seem awed within us, and we feel inspired, as it were, with a new and better life. Methinks 'tis sweet language in which to express our love and gratitude to God, who has implanted in us this love of sweetness and harmony. Were it not for this blest gift, the human heart would seem, as it were, devoid of kindly sympathies, and pure affections, and the soul would be filled with

"Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose leaves, heaping
In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine."

S.

Little children are nearest God, as the smallest globe is nearest the sun.

For the Lily.

MAN SUPERIOR—INTELLECTUALLY—MORALLY—PHYSICALLY.

1st. Let us consider his intellectual superiority. In taking a survey of things as they are, we behold innumerable academies, colleges and seminaries, rising up on all sides, for the exclusive benefit of young men, where hosts of them are drilled year after year. Look at the students in our Medical colleges, law offices and doctors' offices. Look at the troops of full blown lawyers, physicians and clergymen, all of whom pass their days, and nights too, so they say, in the midst of books, with every faculty of mind on the stretch. Look at the long line of authors, poets and editors, and what do we see? Do the great men start up on all sides like the locusts of Egypt, so numerous that you cannot count them? Ah! no; after all this parade of academy, college and courses of lectures, &c. &c. a thoroughly educated man we seldom see. If we ask these *learned* gentlemen a question on any of the natural sciences, how often do we get an intelligent answer? How seldom can even "a college bred lawyer" give us the meaning of a simple Latin phrase, a language they all profess to understand?—How seldom you find an American gentleman speaking the English language, even, with facility and correctness. Great men!! Yes, here and there one; but a gardener would think he had tended his hot house in vain, did not more than half the plants send forth full blown beautiful flowers and fruits. All that we say is that the result is not what, from the mighty flourish of trumpets that has so long sounded in our ears, we have a right to expect.

I have no doubt that when women shall have enjoyed all those advantages which have heretofore belonged to men exclusively, we shall have many great women, for we have them here and there now in the midst of the most depressing circumstances. Man's superiority cannot be a question until we have had a fair trial. When we shall have had our colleges, our professions, our trades, for a century or so, a comparison may then be more justly instituted. When a woman, instead of being taxed to endow colleges where she is forbidden to enter, instead of forming societies to educate young men, shall first educate herself, when she shall be just to herself before she is generous to others—improving the talents God has given her, and leaving her neighbor to do the same for himself, we shall not hear then so much of this boasted greatness. How often now do we see young men carelessly throwing away the intellectual food their sisters crave; a little music, that she may while an hour away pleasantly, a little French, a smattering of the sciences, and in rare instances some slight classical knowledge, and a woman is considered highly educated.—She leaves her books and studies just at the time a young man is entering thoroughly into his.—Then comes the cares and perplexities of married life. Her sphere being confined to her house and children, the burden generally being very unequally divided, she knows nothing beside, and whatever yearning her spirit may have felt for a higher existence, whatever may have been the capacity she well knew she possessed for more elevated enjoyments—enjoyments which would not conflict with these, but add new lustre to them, it is all buried beneath the weight that presses upon her. Men, bless their innocence, are fond of representing themselves as beings of reason—of intellect—while women are mere creatures of the affections. There is a self conceit that makes the possessor infinitely happy, and one would dislike to dispel the illusion, if it were possible to endure it.

Mrs E C Stanton

SUN FLOWER.

Written for the Lily.

WOMAN—CIVIL RIGHTS.

Free institutions are among the most important and elevating influences which can be brought to bear upon the human mind. The deprivation of civil rights is one of the most fruitful sources of evil which can afflict society. The right in man to exercise supreme authority over himself, is founded in the fact that he possesses those ennobling faculties of reason and morality which elevate them above the brute. There is a law written in indellible characters upon the constitution of man, which raises him to this high dignity, and renders him an accountable being by impressing him with the fact that he owes certain duties to his fellow men. He who is actuated by this consciousness, believes also that the same convictions of duty are inherent in the nature of every other human being. He feels that it is his privilege to require all those duties exercised towards him, that his conscience tells him he should exercise towards others. Hence the natural equal rights of men. On the same ground we claim equal civil rights for women. They are alike members of the human family, possessing in common with men the wants of humanity, and those ennobling faculties which constitute him a moral accountable being, and accord to him the right to govern himself, so far as is consistent with the welfare of society, and so far as not to preclude the sovereignty of every individual over himself. The first principles on which the claim to equal rights rest, apply to all mankind, regardless of sex. We maintain the equal right of women to be represented—actually and really to be represented. The possession and exercise of this right, ennobles and elevates the mind, and imparts to the possessor a conscious dignity. It likewise secures pecuniary advantages to those thus represented.

All admit the tendency of slavery to debase, to crush, all that is noble, elevated and spiritual in our nature, and to bring into exercise the animal propensities. We do not however so easily perceive that every degree of restraint partakes of the same nature. Perfect freedom allows as much liberty to every individual human being as is consistent with the same degree of freedom in every other human being. [illegible] this freedom partakes of the n[illegible] of that [illegible] debases and crushes the hum[illegible]nind, and [illegible] plants instead of true wisdom, cunning and [illegible] ceit. It prevents intellectual and moral develop[illegible] ment, prohibits independence of thought and action, without which there is no virtue.

Women have always been deprived of as great a degree of civil liberty as has been enjoyed by men. But in the establishment of a government like that of our country, where "No taxation without representation" is a cherished motto, a government which claims to allow perfect civil liberty to all its citizens, it is a matter of surprise that the rights of women were not taken into consideration; at least that property held by them should be subject to taxation, while they are not permitted to exercise the right of suffrage—to exercise a choice to some extent in the appropriation of such taxes. It is no wonder that greater privileges and more perfect security of property are allowed to men than to women, when we remember what selfish beings men are. It would be but natural that in framing laws for the government of both sexes the advantages should be on their side. Had the case been always reversed, perhaps women would have shown the same amount of selfishness. As it is, I very much doubt their disposition to pursue the same course. No class of individuals so thoroughly understand the wants of another class as they do their own.—One half of the adult population of our country, is not represented in the Legislature, yet laws are made for their government. Their wants are as numerous and as essential to their happiness, but they may not assert them. Every woman of self appreciation and of true dignity, must feel wounded, crushed, to know that whatever privileges she may enjoy, are not accorded to her as a *right* inherent in the constitution of every human being, but as a *privilege* conferred upon her by the gallantry of the opposite sex. Some of the more thoughtful of our countrywomen, have at times ventured to speak or write against this inconsistency. But how have their arguments been met? With ridicule and a sneer. Pretty substitutes for reasons truly! Yet there are a few, a noble few, who are anxious for the abolition of this species of oppression.

LYDIA A. JENKINS.

WATERLOO, Jan, 1850.

Written for the Lily.

TO-MORROW.

"There is a floating island on the stream of time,
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids;
And on that island is a syren, singing sweetly as she goeth;
Her eyes are bright with invitation and allurement burneth in her cheek."

So saith an able writer, and there remains yet, much to be said of the mysterious to-morrow, which we every morn enter upon. 'Tis shrouded in deepest mystery; yet how much of life's present, do we throw on life's future, and wonder what the end will be.

Many live wholly in their own bright imaginings; the present seems as nought but something wanting, and they picture to themselves a glorious future, replete with all a fond heart could desire; to the ambitious, perhaps, the guerdon of Fame, or to the lone scholar, keeping nightly vigils with thoughtful brow and searching eye bent on some classic page, the laurel's leafy circlet.—But beware! What is this guerdon of Fame so many are seeking? Ah! 'tis a glorious cheat.' And the laurel often comes too late, when the brow is too feeble to sustain it. Many are the high resolves for to-morrow, but lo, it findeth him the weaker and no to-day for a fullfilment. Then guard well the present moments, for they are the yesterday's to-morrow.

In man, as in books, at the beginning and end are two empty, white leaves—childhood and gray old age.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS,

Once and all, will you aid us in extending the circulation of the Lily? As we have no travelling agents to procure subscribers for us, we have found it necessary to offer still greater inducements for clubbing, in order to meet our expenses. We have put our terms as low as we can possibly afford to do, and we would call upon all who desire to see us successful in our enterprise, to aid us by getting up a club of six or more subscribers. This we have no doubt could be done by each of you among your friends, by a little exertion. Will you try? Who will send us the largest list?

PETITION.

We are glad to see temperance people again awake on the subject of petitions, and we wish one might be presented to every man—aye, and woman too—in our State for their signatures.—Hitherto all such appeals have been disregarded, and the demands of the people, for protection against the legalized traffic in human blood, have been treated with indifference and neglect. They may meet with no better success the present winter, yet by constantly agitating the question, and continuing their demands, they will by and by compel our wise legislators to turn their attention from things unimportant, and listen to the cries of their slaves for freedom from the shackles with which they have seen fit to fetter and degrade them.

It is matter of astonishment that our law makers have so long turned a deaf ear to the clamors of the people on this subject, when they have daily proof of the dreadful consequences of the liquor trafic. In but one way can it be accounted for, and that is in the inconsistent course pursued by many who claim to be temperance men. Their practice gives a direct lie to their professions, and must impress upon every mind a doubt as to their sincerity, or honesty. It is a shameful truth that men nominated for office are, a majority of them, unprincipled wine bibbers, or if they do not themselves quaff the poison, they care not if others do, and dare not speak against the traffic, lest they render themselves unpopular, and lose favor with the liquor party. Temperance men generally go for the strongest man, be he drunk or sober, for they cannot—*will not*—sacrifice party principle and party favor for the good of the thousands who are perishing through their inaction and misdoings. Thus, while they have the strength and power to say to the destroyer "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," instead of making good use of their power and crushing the monster at a single blow, they keep worrying him a little with one hand, while with the other they render him such "aid and comfort" through the Ballot-Box, as to cause him to laugh at their attacks, and thank them for their kindness.

While men lend their influence to place those in power who are the supporters of the rum traffic, they can have but little hope of obtaining from them a law prohibiting such traffic, beg they ever so humbly. Yet we would urge upon all, the necessity of making the trial—of getting as many signers to their petitions as possible, and by flooding the Legislature with them, see if they can be startled into compliance with their demands.

We earnestly hope that during the present sitting of the Legislature some action may be taken on the subject by which the question shall be submitted to the people, free from the entanglements of party politics.

GAMBLING.

We have received a communication from "Dennis," making some serious statements in regard to the "gambling establishments with which our village is infested" and calling upon us to include them in our efforts to banish intemperance from society. There are reasons why we decline publishing the article, although we fully approve of its sentiments, and doubt not the truth of the charges made.

It is indeed well known that rooms are kept "exclusively for gambling" in some places in our village, and it is equally well known that they are frequented by men who move in what is called "respectable society." Who these individuals are, is better known to those who frequent these "dens" and share in their corruptions, than to those who shun them as they would the plague. It is only when a *lamp bursts*, or some other accident befalls them, that the public, and especially the ladies, are enlightened on the subject.

"Dennis" must be well aware that we would condemn the practice of gambling as vicious and immoral, destructive alike of all that is virtuous noble and good in man. We despise and loathe the keepers of these dens, and have no respect for those who take part in their iniquities, or countenance them by their presence. We believe that many of our youth are here ruined for time and eternity; that those who stand within, beckoning the unwary to enter, are emissaries of Satan, chosen to do his bidding, and instruments in his hands for plucking immortal souls from heaven—depriving them of the rich inheritance purchased for them, and consigning them to the torments of never ending remorse and despair. But for us, a woman, to undertake to expose particular places or persons engaged in this wickedness, would be a thing impossible so long as we know nothing about them. We should first be obliged to don the male attire, shave our hair, raise a pair of whiskers, learn to guzzle alcoholic poison, and swear in a gentlemanly manner, so that we might be admitted into the privacy, and initiated into the mysteries of these polluting "*saloons*." Although gambling and drunkenness go hand in hand, twin brothers in iniquity—though the first may corrupt the heart and sear the conscience more surely than the latter, yet it is more secret in its work, and its desolations less apparent. A man may spend hours at the gaming table and then go forth with the contamination upon his heart, but to all outward appearance the most virtuous of men. Not so with him who tampers with the fatal glass. His sin cannot be hid, and let him disguise it as he may it will sooner or later appear in all its glaring deformity.

"Dennis" charges that the fact of gambling being carried on in the places specified in violation of law, is not only known to some of our *public officers*, but that they take part in the scenes nightly enacted there. Here is the great secret of the laxity of morals in every community. Men will make no effort to suppress what they themselves approve, and so long as they have the making and enforcing of the laws in their own hands we cannot hope for a better state of morals. To place a drunken and *immoral* class of men in office, and then expect them to exert a healthy moral influence, and aid in exterminating the dens of vice and wickedness of which they are supporters, is absurd in the extreme. Not until men learn the necessity of choosing rulers more for their virtues than because they belong to "*our party*"—or until the so much talked of day comes when woman shall take part in saying to whom shall be committed the guardianship of morality, right and justice, do we look for better things.

AN INCIDENT.

We were unintentionally a listener not long since to a conversation between a poor woman and an overseer of the poor, and we could hardly tell which feeling predominated in our heart at the time—pity for the woman and her helpless children, anger at him she is bound to call her husband, or indignation and hatred of our laws and law makers. Tears came unbidden to our eyes, and we longed for power to mete out justice to the oppressor and the oppressed.

The woman is the wife of a drunkard. Her husband is a degraded sot, and not only neglects to provide her with the necessaries of life, but considers it his right and privilege to bestow upon her such personal chastisement and abuse as his brutalized passions may dictate. Thus situated, cold winter came upon her and found her and her helpless children, without the means of guarding against its inclemencies, or procuring subsistence. In her distress she applied to the Poor Master, vainly hoping to obtain such relief as should enable her to withstand the winter and keep her family together. But little was she versed in the law! What could the Poor Master do for her? He told her if she wanted help, "*she must go to the Poor House.*" He would take her and her family there, but the law would allow him to do nothing more. In vain she urged—in vain she plead for a little relief without being subjected to so degrading a step. It was all useless—she must go to the poor house, or shift for herself as best she might.

Oh! how revolting to a sensitive mind—oh! how crushing to all the finer feelings of our nature, to see weak and tender women brought to such a state of degradation as this. Think of it, ye wise men who have such fears that our sex will lose their soft and gentle natures should equal civil rights be granted them. Think of it, ye who claim that woman is now represented, and her interests cared for by man, her lawful protector. Is this the protection she gets? Is this the legislation which man thinks sufficient for her?—Must she be made the sport of his laws, and suffer from his cruelty, and bear all in silence?—Must she see the husband of her love drugged with a poison which deprives him of his manhood and sinks him lower than the lowest brute? Must she tamely submit to be spit upon by such a wretch? Must she see fiends in human shape stealing away the subsistence which is her right, until she is reduced to the most abject poverty, driven from her home, and obliged to seek shelter

within that dread abode, the "*poor* house?"—Must she suffer all this, and yet speak not in her own behalf, nor protest against the heavy injustice put upon her? Would man submit to such indignities? Indeed no, his whole nature would revolt from such degradation.

We only wonder that woman has so long submitted to man's cruelty, instead of asserting her rights, and demanding protection. And yet what can she do? If she write or speak in her own behalf, the cry of "indelicate," "immodest," "unwomanly," out of her "sphere" is raised, and she is awed into submission. If she sets man's laws at defiance and attempts by physical force to take vengeance for her wrongs, she is made answerable to his laws, and fine and imprisonment is the penalty. Fear keeps her quiet, and in secret she suffers and broods over the wrongs she may not redress. We believe it will not always be thus. A brighter day will yet dawn for woman. Man will not always trample on her rights with impunity. The rumseller will not always fatten on the ill gotten gains wrung from the innocent and helpless. *We* may not live to see the day, yet we believe it will come when woman's interests will be regarded, her rights acknowledged, and her voice heard and heeded on questions vitally concerning her happiness and well being.

TEMPERANCE IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Warren, agent of the State Temperance Society, writes that the subject of Temperance is fairly introduced into both the Senate and Assembly of this State. Bills have been introduced on the subject of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks, and referred to select committees. We are not particularly acquainted with the provisions of these bills, but Mr. Warren approves of them generally, and thinks that the enactment of either, would be greatly in advance of the present system.

We rejoice that the subject is presented to the Legislature under such favorable auspices, and we hope that the friends of the cause will make a strong effort to sustain their representatives in advocating and passing stringent prohibitory laws.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Letters and remittances have been received from the following persons since our last issue.—As we cannot possibly find time to answer by letter, as sometimes requested to do, we take this method of acknowledging favors received:

E. W. Frank. H. A. Albro, C. Bloomer, I. F. Terrill, F. M. Doolittle, J. J. Rowland, A. Lapham, W. Padleford, H. H. Johnson, S. Judd, Isabella Swift, N. R. Gaylord. H. M. Eastman, E. L. Robbins, Ann Preston, Jane Gatchell C. English, L. A. Jenkins, R. E. Hills, S. S. Herron, E. C. Stanton, A. Lucas, J. T. Bacon, H. A. Bostwick, Sydney Pierce, M. J. Van Lew.

"Sun Flower" complains that our compositor makes great blunders with the matter she sends us; but dear reader, if you could see her chirography you would wonder that he makes anything readible out of it. It requires a scholar well versed in hierogliphics to render it into plain English.

LADIES IS IT TRUE?

The following extract copied from the "Glass" speaks volumes against our sex for the part they take in encouraging the traffic in strong drinks, and in working the ruin of thousands of young men. We would that it might be read and reflected upon by every woman who tampers with the wine cup, for sure we are, that if they could have a realizing sense of the dreadful consequences flowing from their thoughtless indiscretion, they would no longer be guilty of working the destruction of any one, and much less that of the friends whom they respect and esteem—

How many fashionable women of the present day lend their influence to the destruction of mankind, by encouraging wine drinking. And this encouragement whether direct or indirect, is awfully mischievous. It can never do good—it may do great evil. There are hundreds—yes! thousands of young men who have no desire for drinking—for that love of wine is not an innate but an acquired taste, it is not necessary to prove here—and yet we see those same young men one by one caught in the whirl of that Mælstrom, more fatal than its Norwegian prototype, and lost forever to society, to themselves and to heaven. They go to a fashionable party, resolved perhaps not to taste wine. They are shamed out of their resolution, by the contemptuous look of—whom? Not one of their gentleman friends, for they would not like to provoke an ultimate quarel in that way. But some fashionable lady, some belle, or some one in whose presence their hearts throb with indefinable emotions, looks as though they condemmed their manly resolution. They give way at once, and find an epoch is marked by the act in their existence. The number of those whose ruin dates from an evening party, is known only to God; but if we may presume to judge of the great sea by the wrecks we see on our portion of shore, this must be one of the most prominent causes of drunkenness and its consequent evils.

Temperance Protector.—We are highly gratified to learn that this excellent paper has greatly increased its circulation, and is now published semi-monthly. We can speak no greater commendation of it, than to say it is under the editorial charge of Wm. H. Burleigh. who is well known to the world as a writer. Efforts are being made in many sections, to place a copy of the Protector in every family. We are glad of this, and we wish temperance men would think more of it. It is only by reading and hearing, that the subject of temperance can be brought before the minds of the people at large, and we believe much more good may be done by placing a good temperance paper in the hands of the intemperate and indifferent, than by a dozen temperance lectures, and the expenses would be nothing in comparison.

One thousand copies of the Protector may be had for twelve dollars.

Mr. Greeley, the enlightened editor of the New York Tribune, thus speaks of the encouraging prospects of our cause in Orleans County:

The good spirit of Temperance is now reviving its work throughout a great portion of Western New York, but is especially active in the small County of Orleans, whose nine towns, almost entirely Agricultural, have now seventeen Divisions of Sons of Temperance and over Nine Hundred members. From all the indications we witnessed, we infer that the fire is but beginning to burn. More than One Thousand persons assembled last Saturday in the little village of Lyndonville, in spite of the severe cold, to liston to Temperance addresses, filling the two churches at the time—one of them most uncomfortable. [illegible] will be among the first and most e[illegible] Counties in forbidding men for gain to put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth. Her [illegible] increases slowly in numbers, but is visibly improving in thrift, intelligence and comfort.

☞ Our thanks, Mr. Godey, for that image of yourself, which you were so kind as to send us with your "compliments." We are well pleased with your pleasant, manly countenance, and could we forget that *ugly letter* which you was so silly as to write, should love to look upon it. It was a bad time to present yourself to the freedom loving people of the North, when the stain caused by *that Southern letter* was fresh in their minds. We are sure you must already have repented writing it, and we hope you may be well punished for it. But pray tell us why Grace Greenwood's name is still on the cover of your "Book." It cannot be by her consent, surely, unless she is a greater simpleton than we take her for. Do you still wish to sail under her colors? Well, if it was *us* you would haul down the colors pretty quick, and if Grace has any spirit she will call you to an account for your doings.

Now John Smith, we have caught you pilfering—*you* who make such a fuss and are so jealous if due credit is not given you for everything borrowed from the "Great West." Where did you find that little story "The Young Fly," we should like to know? It strikes us we have seen it before. If we mistake not, it was translated from the French, for the Lily, by E. M.—You make E. M. the *author*, and give no clue to where it came from. This is a small matter to *us*, but we remember how very sensitive *you* are in these little matters, and how very exacting you have ever been. We should expect to hear a lesson from you had we been guilty of the same offence, and it does us good to catch such a fault-finder at fault himself.

To Correspondents.—"The Carpenter's Dream," and "Musquito," are respectfully declined.

Lines by C. D. in our next.

"A Cottage Scene," is too lengthy; sixteen stanzas is more than we can find room for in our little sheet, unless they are *very good*. It *may* appear, but we do not promise it.

Written for the Lily.

A THOUGHT.

The Eolian harp yields but faint tones of sweetness when the light air floats gently over it, but renders up its treasures of deep sounds upon the bosom of that wind which roughly sweeps its strings. Thus the heart that God is sanctifying for himself—the delicate instrument whose chords are love and sensibility, gives faintly forth its music when gently moved by Prosperity's breath, but pours forth its melody gush after gush, upon Adversity's chill blast. Let us not murmer then that He who formed the "harp of the heart," should try its tones by the light touch of gentle ones, or the relentless power of stormy messengers. Let us rather rejoice that God himself should condescend to tune it by the sweet influence of his Holy Spirit, to swell his praises in that fair clime where love alone shall waken from it the harmonious cadences of Heaven.

Eliza.

Springfield Fem. Sem.

Written for the L"

HENRY NEIL AND HIS MOTHER.

CONVERSATION NO. 4.

Mother.—I heard a sermon a few days since which pleased me very much. It was on Temperance, and the comparative guilt of the rumseller, distiller, and the law-maker, who encourages the traffic.

Henry.—Did the preacher agree with you in thinking them all equally guilty?

Mother.—Yes, and he illustrated his position in this way. Suppose a peaceable traveller is waylaid—one man compels him to stop, a second robs him of all he has, and a third blows out his brains; now which of these men does the law hold most guilty? Does it take no notice of the first two, but visit the penalty of the crime on him alone who finished the work? By no means.—In the eye of the law they are all equally guilty, and would receive the same sentence at a bar of justice.

Henry.—Was anything said of the license laws?

Mother.—He said our legislators might with the same propriety, license a certain number of men to go about setting fire to their own and their neighbors houses, according as their pleasure or interest might dictate. If any one complained, they might argue that this was a natural taste that must be gratified; men as well as children love to see fire. If in the exercise of this taste, any injury were done, the State would pay damages. If any were stripped of home and all its comforts, the State had prepared Poor Houses where they could be sheltered, fed, and clothed. If any lives were lost, the State would supply them with a fine coffin and decent burial. Surely such magnaminity on the part of the State—such even handed justice places it above all blame.

Henry.—And this I suppose is the true state of the case. A number of *wise men* get together and create a kind of rumselling aristocracy. They give a certain number of men the right to destroy with their liquid fire, both the lives and property of their neighbors. Then, when the rumseller has finished his work—clothed the drunkard in rags, turned his wife and children into the street. these *wise* ones make another law, by which the drunkard and his family shall be re-housed and supported at the public crib.

Mother.—Burning up houses and getting men drunk are very expensive amusements, and fall most heavily on those who are the least amused. For instance, all the drunkard's widows, who, by diligence and industry, may have provided homes for themselves, are taxed from their small earnings to build and keep up these Poor Houses.—Such a woman is doubly wronged. First, the rumseller sanctioned by the State, robs her of husband and all she has of this world's goods. Then if she have the native energy, by hard labor to get for herself a new home, and gather round her something she can call her own, the State comes to collect its annual poor tax, and she must pay her proportion.

Henry.—I think the law-maker and rumseller should pay the poor tax. It seems to me grossly unjust, that woman should be taxed when she has no voice in making the laws. I begin to view all the reforms of our day in a new light. It is now plain to me that to make our race better we must begin much deeper than at first I had supposed.

Mother.—Reformers err in trying to make the surface of things smooth, whilst the waters of pollution run deep and fierce below. This brings us to the third part of our subject a social power. We have seen that political power is a mere name, and can do nothing of itself. We have seen that no good work can be done but by moral power; let us now see the value of social power in the temperance cause.

Henry.—I thought we had already done what we could socially. We have banished wine from many of our churches, our homes, and places of amusement, and a young man can now be considered quite respectable, without ever being drunk, or even drinking a glass of champaigne.

Mother.—Here is the field where we feel the weight of woman's influence. I blush for my sex that woman is not always found on the side of those who love truth, justice, and mercy. Much has been done socially, but more remains to be done. Wine is still used in our fashionable hotels, at many public places of amusement, at private parties, and alas! for the ignorance of woman, even in the nursery.

Henry.—Are there any mothers in our days so wicked as to give their young children alchohol?

Mother.—Theirs is the sin of ignorance; they know not what they do. There are kind, generous, respectable women in our day, who drink wine and beer, and give it to their friends, their husbands, brothers, and children. No true mother would deliberately injure her own child, therefore when I hear of one who takes stimulating drinks during the period of lactation, and uses brandy as the panacea for all her children's ills, I set her down as ignorant of great physiological laws, for the violation of which she and her offspring must certainly suffer.

Henry.—Do you think the use of intoxicating drinks injures the mind as well as the body.

Mother.—Yes. No man, woman, or child, can take alchohol in any form, with impunity.—Though the light of the mind may not be wholly put out, yet its brightness will be somewhat dimned. All physiologists agree that the intellect of a young child is permanently injured by the frequent use of cordials, paragoric or brandy. To say nothing then of the long train of bodily diseases that follow this treatment in infancy,—there is the mind, a wreck to folly and ignorance. O! ye drunken fathers, and thoughtless mothers, how great is your responsibility. Be not surprised that your sons and daughters are fools or idiots. Wonder not at the *inscrutable ways of Providence*, but begin now to learn and obey the immutable laws which govern all mind and matter. Thus you see the children suffer in being weak in body and mind, and the parents in seeing them so. Verily, "a foolish son is heaviness to his mother.

Henry.—Do you think temperance people ought to attend parties at houses where a room is set aside for drinking brandy and wines?

Mother.—No parents should trust their sons and daughters in such houses, unattended by a wise Mentor.

Henry.—But may not parents too be tempted? It seems to me that the same principle that would keep us from the rum hotel in our travels, would also keep us from the rum parties. I would not for the world go where I might chance to see one of Eve's fair daughters with the wine cup in her hand. I have learned to look up to woman with a kind of veneration, as the repository of all that is left us of truth and goodness on the earth, and I would not see her stoop to minister to man's baser appetites. nor todegrade herself to his level.

Mother.—In regard to these parties, now that the mass of the people are professedly teetotalers, it is in bad taste to have wine at all. If the lady or gentleman who give the party, chance that day to *need a little as medicine*, why let them take it secretly. There is no use in dosing all their guests, or in disgusting them with the sight of that compound of log wood, sugar, water, and alcohol, called wine. I have often thought on seeing a group of these wine bibbing lords and ladies standing round, sipping their nectar, descanting on its peculiar merits, its delicious flavour, rich color and delicate perfume, how the manufacturer would laugh in his sleeve, could he but be for a while an invisible listener. Alas! for these epicures, these connoiseurs, they do not in fact know the difference between the pure juice of the grape, and the chemical compound now extant, called wine.

Henry.—What do you think of using wine at the communion.

Mother.—I think in so doing, christains are more governed by custom than principle. Cold water might as well be substituted for the pure juice of the grape, as the so called wine of our times.

Henry.—I wish, mother, you would mention some of the things to be done in our social relations.

Mother.—All reform must begin here, and with the women first. It is the mother who stamps her sons. Make the women of a nation wise and virtuous, and the men will be so too. In this case each one has a special duty of his own.

The Pastor—he can teach and preach temperance wherever he goes, and he ought to go into a great many places where he does not,—he can banish wine from the communion, and the rumseller with it.

The Doctor—should not prescribe wine and beer for the weak and dyspeptic. Many a man and woman owe their ruin to an M. D.'s proscription. They might better far have died of dyspepsia or enervation, than to sleep in a drunkards grave.

The Lawyer—he should not so bemean himself as ever to be found on the rum side of any case in court. Let him see that the rumseller has justice at all times, when his rum is not in question, but there let him take care of himself.

The Farmer—shame on the honest farmer,—who claims to be a temperance man, and then sells his grain to the distiller. His hard labor thus applied is worse than lost to the world.

The rumseller's wife—she holds a most responsible position. There is, alas! a kind of tradition among women, that they must defend their husband's actions and opinions, whatever they may be. Now this is all wrong. A wife who sustains her husband in sin, is not a true friend to him. I have often thought what I would do were I a rumseller's wife. Well, I should take the most pungent temperance papers I could find, and give them to the bar room loafers to read. I should have as much temperance literature as possible all over the house, and discourse on the subject whenever I could get an audience in the bar-room, *his honour*, *the master*, being out. I should often propose moral problems to his *honour*, such as the justice of taking all the drunkard's earnings from his wife and children. I should make the children sing temperance songs, and ask questions on the medicinal properties of alchohol. I should water the whiskey barrels, jugs, and bottles freely, and give every drunkard I caught on the premises a cold shower. I should have a large watering-pot painted on the sign, that all drunkards might know what they had to expect at that house—and fifty other things I could do to make my husband uncomfortable in his business, and thin out his daily visitors. I know I could end one rum establishment, unaided and alone.

Henry.—I fear the rumseller would cut short your glorious campaign by proposing to you to find some other field for your operations, or in other words, turn you out of doors.

Mother.—Not if he knew there was such a public sentiment among women, that he could get no other wife to play second fiddle to him in such a business. I have no doubt if we could call a convention of all our countrywomen, and after due counsel and consideration, commence an united and systematic mode of attack, we could torment every rumseller in the land, out of his business in one year, and utterly ruin the logwood *speculators* for all coming time. SUN FLOWER.

COUSIN ANN'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN.—A copy of this interesting little work has been furnished us by the author, Ann Preston of West Grove, Pa. It contains many pleasant stories for children both in prose and verse, and a high moral sentiment prevades the whole. We wish that books got up for the young were all as useful and high toned, instead of being filled with trashy stuff, which has a tendency to pervert rather than improve the mind. J. M. McKim, Publisher, 31, North Fifth-st., Philadelphia.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

LINES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Kneel, my child for God is here!
Bend in love, in holy fear;
Kneel before him now in prayer;
Thank him for his constant care;
Praise him for his bounties shed—
Every moment on thy head;
Ask for light to know his will;
Ask for love, thy heart to fill;
Ask for faith, to bear thee on
Through the might of Christ, his Son;
Ask his spirit still to guide thee,
Trough the ills that may betide thee;
Ask for peace, to lull to rest
Every tumult in thy breast;
Ask in awe, in holy fear;
Kneel, my child, for God is here!

Written for the Lily.

FIVE DOWNWARD STEPS.

A TRUE PICTURE.

William was a bright boy. None learned his lessons better at school, none wrote a neater hand, none obeyed his parents more readily, none bid fairer to make an intelligent and useful man.

William's father was a mechanic, but he did not set his boy to work. He placed him in a store, and was proud of his son's attainments as a good accountant and an intelligent clerk.

His employer sold Rum in his store. William, who had been reared in a pious family, abhorred both its use and its sale. At first he refused to have anything to do with this branch of the business, but he yielded at last, and dealt out to others the poison whose very sight he abhorred. This was his first downward step.

By constant acquaintance with the sale of strong drinks, William became familiarized with their sight and smell; but how could he be a good judge of their qualities, unless he tasted them also? At last he began to do this, and drank, not often, but occasionally, the beverages he so freely handled. Thus a second step downward was taken.

William next comes before us as a merchant, doing business on his own account. And behold, despite the remonstrances of his father and the warnings and entreaties of his mother, we see among the commodities with which his establishment is filled, baskets of Wine, casks of Brandy and barrels of Whiskey. In the sale of these commodities he now extensively engages; not by the glass, he affirms, but only by the quart and the gallon, not to drunkards and tipplers—so he says—but only to sober men. And thus William has taken a third downward step.

But no man can long engage in the sale of intoxicating drinks, without a taste for them becoming fastened upon him. This was so with our friend William. He first drank very sparingly, next he became a moderate drinker, and as time rolled on, the neighbors said he neglected his business and that things were sadly going wrong with him. And so the event proved. From being a respectable merchant, he soon was reduced to the position of a common rumseller.—He now sold not in large quantities, but in small—not by the gallon, but by the glass—not to sober men, but to drunkards and tipplers. With these he was now the fitting associate, as with bloated face and blood shot eye, he stood behind his dirty counter dealing out to his equally filthy customers the vile contents of his smoky decanters. And thus the fourth step downward was taken.

William is next driven from his low groggery, a poor, helpless, despised drunkard. Liquor he has sold, liquor he has drank, until he has utterly ruined both his customers and himself. The thought of what he has been and of what he is, drives him mad, and in a fit of despair and intoxication he commits an awful crime, and soon from the gallows takes the fifth step down, *down*, DOWN to a drunkard's grave and a DRUNKARD'S HELL.

My young reader, would you profit by this lesson? Then engage not in the sale of strong drinks, nor let even a drop pass your lips. Take not the first step, and you will never take the last. Shun all intoxicating drinks as you would a deadly poison, and ever adhere strictly to the principle of total abstinence. Then you will grow up a wise and sober member of society, and enjoy that happiness and the respect of good men which the drunkard can never possess.

For the Lily.

THE BENEVOLENT BOY.

Not long since, in a neighboring village, two little boys John and Tommy met one day in the office of a Dentist. Each was proposing to himself the pleasure of having a tooth pulled out.—John, the older, had decided to part with a large double tooth which had, of late, been quite refractory in its conduct—having fallen into habits of intense nervous activity during the hours allotted to sleep. Tommy had decided on a wee front tooth which had stood sentinel for the lips for four long years; now a change of administration warned him to make way for a successor, who had already shown his credentials. Poor little Tommy stood trembling in his shoes at the thought of what he was about to suffer, and would not submit first to the operation. So John boldly stepped forward and took his seat, and after a little persuasion opened his mouth wide and the Dentist commenced operations; but he not being very skillful, and the tooth being unwilling to part with all its jolly companions with whom he had cracked nuts and eaten apples through many cheerful winter evenings, poor John roared a long time before the instruments of torture came out of his mouth, and then, lo! and behold! the tooth was not out—only decapitated. But John in the midst of his sufferings, forgot himself, and as soon as he could speak, turned to his agonized companion, who had tuned his pipes to the highest key during the whole performance, "Oh? Tommy," said he, "do not cry, it will not hurt you as it did me, your tooth has no root." Does not this show real benevolence, to think of the sufferings of others in the midst of our own. It was worth losing one sound tooth, to see that manifestation of goodness in that little boy. It touched me deeply, and as he left the room with his father, I said in my heart blessings on him, may he live long to elevate and benefit his race. I suppose reader you will be glad to know that this boy belongs to the Seneca Tribe. Some of you have no doubt seen him, and that great bump of benevolence which he carries about on the top of his head. I am happy to say the Dentist was more successful with Tommy's tooth; he easily persuaded it to come out and seek a home elsewhere.

SUN FLOWER.

For the Lily.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Adèle.—Mamma, my bird is hungry.

Mother, (*writing at her desk.*)—Give it something to eat. You have all that it needs.

Adéle.—Mamma, it will not eat.

Mother.—It is unhappy.

Adéle.—Unhappy! my charming little bird, my darling bird! Why is it unhappy.

Mother.—Because you do not know how to feed it and take care of it, and then, too, it is in prison.

Adéle.—In prison!

Mother.—Yes, in prison. Listen to me, Adèle; if I were to shut you up in a little room, and never allow you to go out of it, would you be happy?

Adéle, (*sorrowfully.*)—Oh, my poor little bird.

Mother.—You make it unhappy.

Adéle.—I make it unhappy!

Mother.—Make the case your own. This little bird was in a beautiful garden, where it could fly from tree to tree in full liberty, and you have shut it up in a little cage, where it cannot fly! See how it flutters! If it could weep, it would, I am sure.

Adéle, (*taking it out of the cage.*)—Poor little thing! Mamma, the window is open. I [illegible] to set it free;—shall I not?

Mother.—As you wish, my dear child. [illegible] my part I never have wished to keep birds [illegible] desire that all around me, and all that come [illegible] me, may be happy.

Adéle.—I wish to be as good as my dear mother. I will put it on the balcony;—shall I not?

Mother, (*still writing.*)—As you wish, my dear.

Adéle.—Before I go, I will feed it. Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, it eats, it eats!

Mother.—I am very glad, since it gives you pleasure.

Adéle.—It eats! I know how to feed it!—Sweet bird! darling little creature! (*She kisses it.*) How pretty it is! How I love it! (*She puts it quickly back into the cage; and as she looks at it she sighs. After a short silence the bird struggles against the wires.*)

Mother, (*looking at it compassionately.*)—Poor little unfortunate!

Adèle, (*her eyes full of tears.*)—Oh, mamma! (*She takes it from the cage.*)—I will set it at liberty;—shall I not, mamma?

Mother, (*without looking at her.*)—As you please, Adéle.

Adèle, (*going out on the balcony.*)—Dear little thing! (*She comes back weeping.*) Mamma, I cannot!

Mother.—Well, my child, keep it. This bird is not endowed with reason. It cannot reflect on the cruelty you commit when you destroy its happiness to procure you a trifling amusement. It cannot hate you, but it suffers, and it would be happy if it were at liberty. I do not wish to injure the smallest insect, because it would be wrong.

Adéle.—Come, come, I will put it on the balcony.

Mother.—The bird belongs to you, my dear child; do what you please with it. But do not interrupt me. I want to write.

Adèle, (*kissing her mother and going towards the cage.*)—Dear, dear bird! (*After a little reflection, she goes out on the balcony. She comes back hastily, her eyes full of tears, and says;*)

Mamma, I have done it. I have given it its liberty!

Mother, (*taking her in her arms.*)—My darling Adèle, you have done right. I love you a thousand times more for it.

Adéle.—Then I am well recompensed for it!

Mtoher.—You will always be so when you have the courage to make an honest sacrifice; and beside sacrifices of this kind are painful only in imagination; they leave in the depths of the heart but satisfaction and joy. For instance you wept when forming the resolution to set your bird free, but now do you regret it?

Adèle.—Oh, no, mamma: on the contrary, I am delighted with having made it happy, and above all, with having done a good deed.

Mother.—Well, my child, never forget it; and when you find it difficult to decide to do right, remember the history of the little bird.

H. N. K.

HOW TO REMOVE INK-SPOTS FROM LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen therein. It may then be washed, and the spots will disappear, without injuring the linen.

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